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November 1938

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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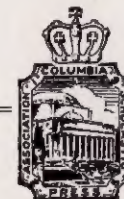
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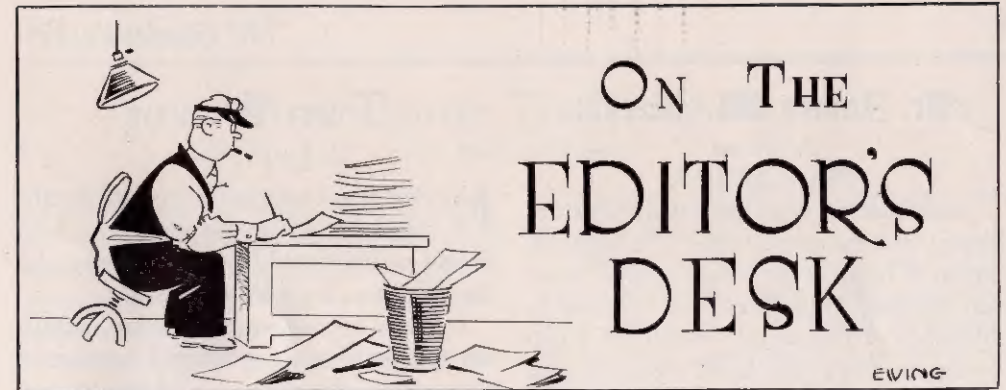
P. H. S.



Senior



Junior



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

DO WE WANT THANKSGIVING?

By Robert C. Moore

NEXT Thursday is Thanksgiving. The day will not fail to bring forth the conscientious wails of individuals and groups that "We are not thankful. We don't observe Thanksgiving rightly." Every year, without fail, people begin to wonder around Thanksgiving time whether they are truly thankful or whether they are hypocrites.

We take great delight in calling ourselves hypocrites. "What can we do?" we ask. "We are a bad lot. We think only of the football game and the turkey dinner. We never think of thankfulness during the year. Yes, we are simply hypocrites . . ." Obviously there is no point in thinking up worse things to say about oneself each year. It begins to look, regarding it in that light, as if we like to criticize ourselves and then do nothing about it.

If it is a pleasure, then why not change the significance of the day to suit the tastes of the people? While we're at it, make it a jolly old criticizing day for all, when anyone may sit down and be angry at himself for all the bad things that he has done or the good things that he has failed to do during the past year.

We Americans are to blame for any failure of our institution—Thanksgiving. We would laugh at anyone who said that we have as much to be thankful for as our forefathers. Yes we would. But to allow such a holiday to slip is just as bad as to allow our government to become corrupt. In both instances it is the mocking of our institutions.

All this brings the question down to a black and white basis. Do we want Thanks-

giving? If we do there is no sense agreeing that it is a great American institution and at the same time agreeing that we do not observe it correctly. If we don't want it, why go on celebrating a holiday that we no longer believe in? If we don't want it, we admit that we are not thankful.

That we (students) are growing up in an educational era which is improving our lot, and that we (P. H. S. students) have this modern high school with its capable teachers to help us in this respect.

That we have many opportunities for higher education.

That we have many character-building organizations.

That we (in Pittsfield) are relatively safe from the ravages of floods.

That we live in a country in which everyone has a right and the opportunities to make his place in life.

That we live in a country where freedom of thought, expression, and religion are jealously preserved.

That our standard of living is higher than that of any other country in the world.

That the people in America are Americans and not minorities.

That we are relatively safe from war.

That no matter how bad conditions may become, we are a people who can right them.

There is the question of Thanksgiving. Do we want it? Yes? Then why criticize ourselves for letting it lose its meaning? Why not use some of our American initiative to make it as we wish? Why not?

Mr. James W. Meehan

A Tribute
THE SCHOLAR

James Meehan was a profound student of history, and the proud owner of a large collection of books. That is how it came about that Pittsfield High School had a course in "Problems of Democracy" worthy of a university. If scholars like James Meehan taught history in every high school, the world would surely be safe for democracy, and politicians would have to look for jobs on the road.

THE WIT

How he could pack meaning and force into a few sparkling words! He could give a compliment to please the individual and amuse the class. More than once the office sent for a student on the PEN. Mr. Meehan, excusing him, commented, "George, I don't know what this school would do without you." If he scolded, which was rarely, the class would remember it long afterwards; his words were short and penetrating.

THE TEACHER

He believed that students liked the easy teacher while in school, but either forgot or criticised him afterwards, and that they disliked the strict teachers at first but appreciated them increasingly afterwards. Because he struck a happy medium, everybody liked him. He expected us to meet him half way and rewarded us accordingly with greater privileges.

THE FRIEND

In his personal manner he was very quiet, unassuming and affable. No jealousy nor any other unsociable trait spoiled his personality. His wit did not hurt its object. He would take pains to explain to us in a fatherly way why he must insist on certain things.

* * * *

We respected him for his scholarly attainment, we admired and enjoyed his wit, and we loved him for his genuine friendliness.

A. Herbert Boyajian

TWO WORDS

By Joseph Moran

HAVE you ever paused to consider the meanings of two simple little words? Words which would be identical except for the difference of one letter in each?

It is easy to boast, isn't it? To say, "I have the speediest bicycle in town. I know more than any one else in my class." But is it wise? Isn't it better to say, "We have one of the finest schools in the state. Our scholastic rating is up among the first five and this year our teams have won nearly every important game that we have played."

That isn't boasting. It is boosting. For it is based on facts, instead of mere opinion. It implies that we are proud to be associated with our school, instead of hinting that our school should take pride in having us as pupils.

True, there isn't much difference in the appearance of the words. Only one letter changed in the spelling—but what a world of change in the meaning!

So why not remember the difference the next time an occasion arises. Remember this six-word slogan: Be a Booster, Never a Boaster!

THE MONITOR

By Albert Wing

Thou clever, busy instrument,
Which mortals can't control
Nor your degrading faults prevent,—
We greet you from the soul.

Your nature, sometimes grave and slow,
Can also be quite bright;
You ruin by deceit—although
You make by righteous might.

Your powers of variety,
Your virtues all unsung,
Direct our very destiny;
We bow to you, O tongue!

TOBY COMES TO HIS SENSES

By Elizabeth Byrne

TOBY TYLER walked into the garage, opened the door of an ancient car which stood there, and got in. Taking an apple out of his pocket and polishing it on his sweater, he began talking to the car.

"Stella, old girl," he said, "I've been neglecting you lately, but I'm sorry. Now I've got something hard to tell you. You see it's like this. There's a new girl in town and she's beautiful. Of course, she's not a good sport like Jill, but she's—well, gosh! Stella, when she says, 'Toby, dear, let's go dancing tonight,' how could a fellow refuse, even if it does take all his allowance? The fellows are swell about lending me money, but I can't take it 'cause I'd never be able to pay it back. If I had a job—But Nadine (isn't that a pretty name, Stella?)—Nadine thinks I ought to spend all my time with her, so what's a fellow going to do? I—I guess I'll have to sell you, Stella. Gosh, I feel like a heel. Honest, I'd do anything to keep you. I'd appeal to Dad, but—Wait a minute, Stella! Boy! I think I've got an idea."

Toby jumped out of the car, hurried out of the garage, ran across the lawn to the house, and a moment later burst in on his father, who sat in the parlor, reading the evening paper.

"Dad," he cried, "I've got a proposition to put before you. I've got to sell old Stella—how would you like to buy her?"

"Me! Buy Stella? What on earth would I do with Stella?"

"You could drive her to work, and let Mom use your car to go shopping in, an'—"

"Toby Tyler, what are you trying to put over on me?" the man half laughed. "You know perfectly well your mother doesn't know how to drive—why, she's afraid to learn. And wouldn't I look nice, the president of the bank, driving down the street in a car like that!" He lifted his eyebrows,

"I thought Stella was just about tops with you, son. What about it?"

"Ah, she is, Dad. But, you see, I need money, and selling Stella is the only way I know how to get it. An'—well, Stella and I thought you might like to keep her in the family."

"Oh, so that's it. Well, Toby, if you need money how about a job?"

"I have been thinking about a job, but if I get one I won't have any time to spend the money."

"You mean you're too lazy to work for the money, and yet you want it, eh, son?"

"No, Dad, it isn't that. I—"

"I see pretty clearly what you mean, boy," the man said sadly, and turned back to his paper.

Toby walked away disheartened. Dad didn't understand—Dad, who always understood.

When Toby was gone, Mr. Tyler put his paper aside and fell to thinking. Presently Mrs. Tyler came in from the kitchen, where she had been doing the evening dishes.

"Sam," she said softly, "it's high time somebody did something about Toby. The way he's been acting lately—it just isn't like him."

"Well, Mary, what can we do? He came to me just now and asked me to buy Stella—said I could drive her to work and you could have the car to go shopping."

Mrs. Tyler laughed, then she said, "Seriously, Sam, if he'd give up Stella, that girl must mean something to him. Perhaps we should try to help—"

"Girl! Oh, so that's what it is! Why, I thought—" He chuckled to himself, relieved, and put his paper up in front of him again.

Mrs. Tyler glared at him, or, rather, at the newspaper. If she could only think of a way to help. Then she thought of Nick, her eldest

son, who was now at college. If he were home, he'd know just what to do. She went to her desk and prepared to write a letter.

Friday night came. Toby had not sold Stella yet. He had decided to wait until Saturday, and meanwhile try to convince Nadine that a few hours of separation in the afternoon wouldn't be so bad; then he could get a small job to obtain some money to entertain her with.

As he and Nadine were dancing, she looked up and cried suddenly, "Oh, Toby, who's that boy who just came in? Over there on the left, see?"

Toby was surprised. "Why, that's my brother Nick."

"Your brother, Toby?" she breathed, "How nice!" She looked up at the boy again. "But, I've never seen him around before."

"Well, he goes to college," Toby explained. "Heck, he's coming over here, now. I suppose I'll have to introduce you."

"That would be lovely," whispered Nadine, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"Hello, kid," Nick greeted his younger brother. "Say, you look pretty swell in my old tux—"

"Yeah," Toby cut in quickly. Then, "Oh, Nadine, this is my brother, Nick." He looked at Nick fearfully, "This is Miss Wells," he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Tyler—or may I call you Nick?"

"Oh, call me Nick, by all means," Nick half laughed. "Shall we dance?"

Toby relinquished Nadine with a knowledge of certain loss. "There's no reason why I should get scared because of him," he tried to tell himself,—but it was no use. He sorely resented Nick's reference to him as a kid, and telling about the hand-me-down tuxedo.

Later in the evening—much later—Nadine and Nick returned.

"Say, kid," said Nick, "I'm taking Nadine home. I know you won't mind. Be seeing you later—thanks for taking care of Nadine before I met her."

"Good-bye, Toby," murmured Nadine. "Thank you for the lovely evening."

When she was gone those words came back and he almost laughed, but he felt as though the world had come crashing down on his ears. Then, in the midst of his grief, a cool hand was slipped into his. He looked up to find Jill standing there smiling.

"Hello, Toby," she whispered. "I haven't seen you for a long time. What have you been doing?"

Jill knew perfectly well what he had been doing, but, she thought, "Thank goodness that awful girl has gone—will soon be forgotten."

"Making a fool of myself," grinned Toby, "but that's all cleared up, and from now on I'm sticking to you and Stella. Come on, let's dance."

CHIVALRY A LA MUD

By Marjorie Monroe

There were Round Table Knights in the days long ago

Whose object was chivalry, so stories go—
And Sir Walter Raleigh, who lived later on,
Was a shining example, a true paragon.

The story is told of this noble Sir Knight
How he rescued Queen Bess from a terrible plight;

He spread his fine cloak in the mud of the street

That nothing might harm his dear Queen's dainty feet.

In days long ago men were valiant indeed
Always rushing to aid any damsel in need—
For the sake of a smile from his lady love fair
The gallant of old any danger would dare.

But now since the girls are no longer such toys
But are just as courageous and smart as the boys—

A Sir Walter act would be such a sight
As would make a guy seem either crazy or tight.

BASHFUL BILL

By Helen Hurley

THE STUDY hall was almost empty. Always among the last, Bill Tomkins was just leaving when he heard someone call his name. He turned around and saw Jerry Walker, the class president approaching him. "Hi, Bill, aren't you going to the class meeting? We're starting work on the prom today."

"I'm not going to the prom."

"So you've changed your mind again! Why, the other day you were going to ask Dot to go. Now, what's the matter?"

"It's all right for you to talk; you don't have to ask anyone."

"I don't have to, but I'm going to. Come on, we're late already. You're going to ask Dot to go, or I'll tell her you're taking someone else."

"Oh, heck, Jerry. If only someone could ask her for me—"

"Well, maybe you could get a sophomore to speak for you. I hear they can talk;—that's more than I can say for you. The way you're acting anyone would think you were asking her to take you. I warn you, if you don't ask her, I'm going to take her myself."

This really didn't worry Bill because he knew Jerry would take his own girl, Mary, to the prom, but he realized he would have to ask Dot, or Jerry would do something to make him look foolish.

"Here we are now, Bill. Go in and do your stuff—see you later!"

"Hello, Mary, hello Dot."

"Oh, Bill, we thought you had kidnapped the president. Where've you been?"

At this moment the meeting was called to order by the class president, and our hero was saved the embarrassment of having to talk to a girl in front of all his friends.

Plans were discussed for the prom which to quote Jerry, was to be the most "colossal,

magnificent, and stupendous event that the school would ever see."

He urged every boy to ask "the" girl right now before someone else did. This advice was given with a look at Bill, who made up his mind then and there not to hesitate any longer.

"I'll pop the question on the way out," he thought, figuring that the crowd would cover his confusion.

As Bill and Dot left the meeting, she accidentally got a few feet ahead of him just as he was ready to speak to her. Bill, whose eyes were glued on the floor, did not notice that he was walking beside Susan Lewis, the Einstein of the class. "Will you go to the prom with me?" he blurted out.

Susan was so surprised that she stopped short.

"Why, William Tomkins, you do surprise me! Oh, of course, I will go with you," she said removing her glasses and beaming on the unfortunate youth.

There was nothing he could do but continue along with her, so they left the building together.

As they went down the school steps they passed Mary and Dot.

"Mary, do you see who Bill is with? You'd never believe that he started walking home with me, would you? Oh, if there's anything more fickle than a man! Why, I'll bet he's going to take her to the prom! And to think I refused to go with Earl just because I thought Bill would ask me! Well, I'll show him that he isn't the only pebble on the beach. Just you wait, William Tomkins; you'll be sorry."

The night of the prom arrived. Bill appeared with Susan Lewis, and Dot came with Earl Grover, a very effeminate young sophomore with an I. Q. of one hundred eighty and a dying cat expression. Even as they danced,

he was reciting a translation from Caesar to Dot, who listened patiently.

Just as patiently, but on the verge of despair, Bill was dragging the hapless Susan through the mazes of the dance. All evening no one had cut in on him, and now he had begun to feel hopeless.

Then Jerry came over to him to whisper, "Say, I've got an idea."

"What is it? Do you think I could break an ankle, or faint, or anything to get away from her?"

"No, but I've got a swell idea. Listen, I'll introduce Earl to Susan and when those two master minds get together, you won't have to worry any longer."

It wasn't long before Jerry had Earl and Susan off in a corner, and sure enough before he left they were discussing everything from the fourth dimension to Plato's "Republic."

"I never before saw a more perfect pair than those two," said Dot as Bill and she danced by the engrossed couple. Susan was too taken up to recognize her ex-partner, and Earl never even noticed Dot.

"Bill, will you ever hesitate to ask me to go anywhere again?"

Bill laughed. "Oh, I promise Dot. I've learned what comes of being bashful! Now, what about the Thanksgiving dance?"

Dot was too surprised to answer. She laughed inwardly. He certainly must have learned a lesson. He wasn't wasting any time about the Thanksgiving dance, anyway.

TURKEY GOBBLER

By Mary Farrell

In the barn yard every day,
Mr. Turkey, bright and gay,
Enjoys his food and does his best
To fatten well his feathered breast.

As he struts proudly up and down
Without a fear, without a frown,
He little knows that some near day
Will end this happy life of play.

MONDAY MORNING

By Marion Willis

IN THE most exciting moment of a very special dream, the beastly old clock on the table beside you gives a loud ring of objection. Oh, yes, it's morning, as Big Ben would have you know. But why must it be morning just when you're in the middle of that grand dream? Now *what* was it about, anyway? Sleepily you shut off the alarm, but your dream is evidently gone forever. In vain you lie in a half daze waiting for the lost dream to come back to you, vaguely and unhappily conscious of the fact that it's Monday, and there's school. Just as you're about to recapture the ecstasy of the wonderful dream, a sharp staccato rap on the door brings you to, and Dad yells "Get up!"

No use! You've simply got to get up. Well, what's going on in school today to entice you? An assembly? Movies? No. A test in Latin, and a chemistry quiz. Oh, woe is you, and such is life! You lie awake and wish with all your might that it was Saturday, or even Friday. But why is it Monday, of all days in the week? There's absolutely nothing doing this Monday. Friday's the dance, the club meeting's Thursday, but Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday you have to stay home and study. Study, fokey! Maybe you could wangle an extra quarter from Dad to go to the show tonight. Who's playing? Where are your shoes? Oh, yes, downstairs where somebody threatened to polish them last night. You hope they didn't. Polished shoes just aren't being worn. Oh, well, why bother? In five more days it'll be Saturday, and to think, only four more days to the dance. Wonder who Johnny'll take?

"Ten of eight!" calls the imperative voice of your dear father, in that get-up-or-I'll come-up-and-get-you-up tone of voice. Ho-hum! What have you got to lose, except your beauty sleep and that dream? So out of bed you jump in two seconds flat and the agony of getting up is over for another day. What a life?

DEMOCRACY VS. DICTATORSHIP

by Bruce D. Hainsworth and Friend Kierstead, Jr.

WHEN we entered the World War "to make the world safe for democracy," victory for the Allies seemed destined to be crowned with the conversion of the world to democracy. Since the World War, however, dictatorship as a form of government, has grown to such proportions that it now looms as the foremost threat to the supremacy of democracy.

In the following paragraphs Messrs. Pro and Con go at it hammer-and-tongs on the question, "Is democracy superior to dictatorship?"

INTRODUCING MR. PRO:

Penned in a fervor of patriotism by one of America's foremost statesmen, Thomas Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence sets forth the following statement:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This passage states so explicitly the true ideals of democracy that it needs little further elaboration. By this momentous document and by the Constitution of the United States of America, after which the constitutions of most democracies are patterned, every citizen is assured of personal liberty, freedom of speech, and the right to petition for the redress of grievances.

In no other form of government can the wants of the people be more readily determined than in a democracy. Doubtless Hitler has no idea how many people approve of his actions, while in a democracy every citizen may freely state his views.

In a democracy, the majority rules. The will of the people is the law of the land. And that majority is well-informed; the uncensored newspapers, movies, and radio see to that.

In a dictatorship the leaders need war or some other subterfuge to keep the people's natural resentment against tyrannical government in check, and at the same time to

(Continued on Page 21)

MR. CON SAYS:

The downfall of Czechoslovakia is considered by most authorities a direct result of the influx of agitators and propaganda from Germany. Such attacks, taking advantage of the freedom of speech inherent to any democracy, present a threat which the democracies are powerless to resist.

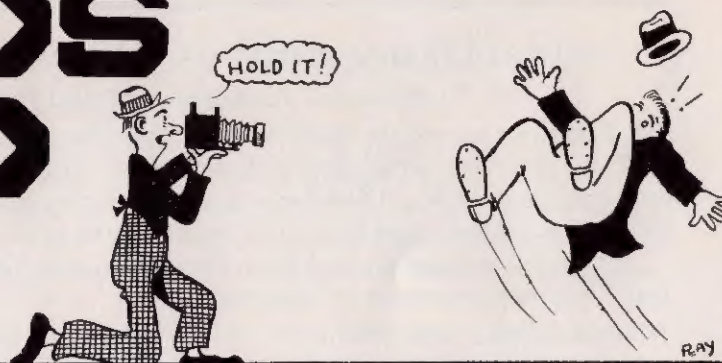
As the democracy is peculiarly vulnerable to this attack, so the dictatorship is peculiarly immune to its effects. This, for the obvious reason that propaganda unfavorable to the government can be effectively spread in time of peace only in those countries which permit freedom of speech and of the press.

Being the government, the whole government, and nothing but the government, the dictator can rule his people as best suits the needs of the state. In time of threatened depression, in order to stimulate trade, a dictator can decree that every citizen immediately spend, let us say, ninety per cent of his income; the increased business would end any depression in short order. He can very easily manufacture money to pay his debts. Also he can commandeer factories, manufacture products needed for the economic self-sufficiency of his country, even though these products may cost more than imported goods of equal quality.

It is said that in case of war the whole German army can be completely mobilized, equipped for war, and placed on the field of battle in one hour; in the World War many of the United States troops had not embarked for France by the time of the Armis-

(Continued on Page 21)

WHO'S WHO



November, 1938

13

And Why

GEORGE ADAMS

Behave yourself in the cafeteria and you will be unmolested by George Adams. He likes gym work and sports of any kind. He is particularly fond of skiing and swimming. His pet antipathy is spaghetti. Strange as it may seem, his favorite pastime is chasing erring popsicle gobblers around (this doesn't mean under) cafeteria tables. Seriously, though, George is a favorite with all.

OLD MAID ELECT

Meet Nanette Goetze, vivacious treasurer of the Senior A class, doomed by her vow to old maidship. But she doesn't know how to knit (although she likes sewing) has no cat, and bakes cup cakes that everybody refuses. (Odds are about 1000-1 against her determined effort to remain alone). She likes football, both toe and ballroom dancing, and the exercise she gets as drill leader in the Rainbow Girls. She hates carrots, and resents study hall teachers who change her seat so often.

"LATIN ADMIRER"

Yes, honest and truly, Nellie Spasyk, chairman of the Senior "A" picture committee is really (although we don't know why) an ardent admirer of Virgil. If you don't believe us, see for yourself; drop down by room 146 some fourth period. She enjoys watching football, and participating in basketball. Her chief dislike is anything made of pineapple. One of her main interests is listening to Nelson Eddy sing. What's the matter with you boys in P. H. S., making Nellie turn to someone in California to become interested ??????

ART MCGILL

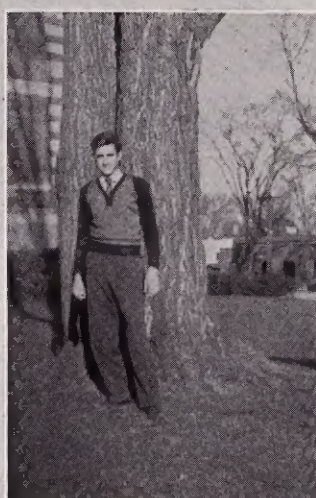
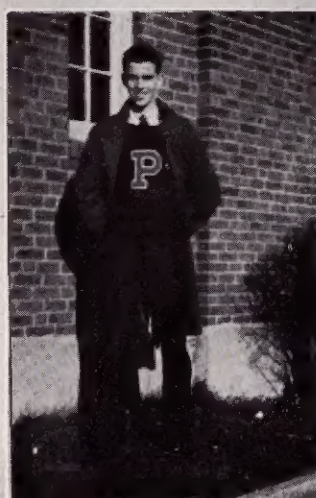
An athletic young man is Art McGill, who lives, eats, and sleeps baseball. Aside from being first baseman on the Baseball Team, he is Ring Chairman of the Senior B Class. He abhors chocolate cake (very unusual) and buttonholes minus the buttons. His favorite pastimes are listening to swing music, especially Bob Crosby's, and working—but not on homework. If you should hear someone around the halls mumbling, "\$7.45 and up", you will know that Arthur is giving forth information about senior rings.

MR. CHAIRMAN;

A likable fellow is this newly elected Chairman of the Senior A Class Day—Louis Winnard. A member of the play committee and of the Glee Club, too, you'll find no busier student in P. H. S. He likes (in fact worships) strawberry ice cream and his other favorites are—football games, good murder mysteries and brunettes. (what no red-heads?) He dislikes mainly U. S. History, and English provides him with the everlasting thorn. Like most fellows, he confesses that eatin' 'n sleepin' are his favorite pastimes.

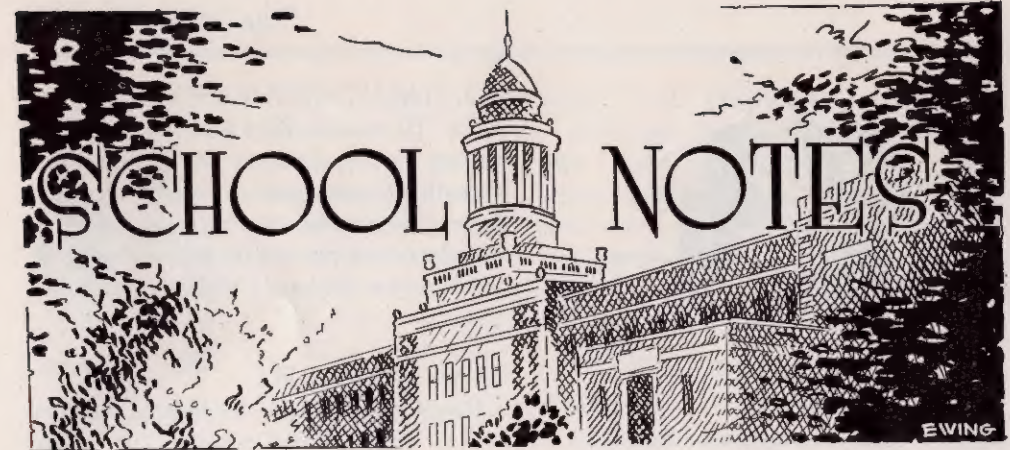
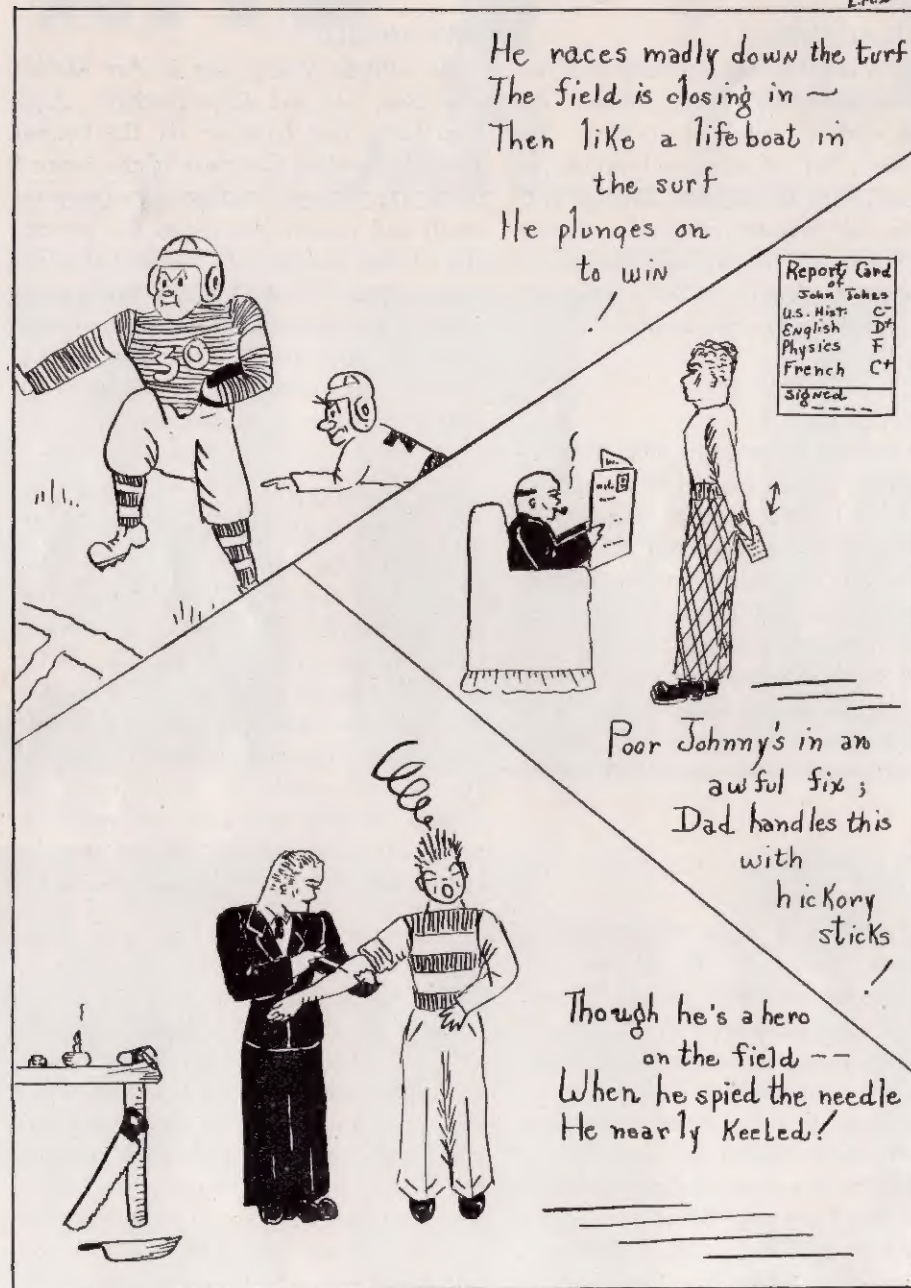
EDITH MOORE

For a year Edith has been the capable editor of the short stories department in the PEN. Of course we mean Edith Moore. Edy's main likes are bean soup and Nelson Eddy (mm-m) and, if you know her, you'll know that her pride and joy is the PEN. She abhors jitterbugs, swing,—and prune pie. This journalistic miss admits that her favorite pastimes are reading "good" books and seeing "good" movies. If you have a masterpiece, let Edy help you.



HERE 'N THAR

L.M.D.



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Mary Jane English
Dorothy Calnan

THANKSGIVING THANKS

Miss Daly—that Pittsfield beat Drury.
Miss Conlin—that the leaves have fallen off the trees so that there can be some daylight in 235. (We suspect that she gets a better view of her next door neighbors.)
Miss Casey—that Santa Claus is still alive. (Could it be that she intends to hang up her stocking?)
Miss Kelly—that room 140 has so many expert dog catchers to handle the numerous canine visitors to the room.
Miss Nagle—that all the Latin students are so remarkably bright and intelligent.
Miss Hodges—for sunny skies. (Could it be that she saw the musical comedy?)
Miss Pfeiffer—for a fine STUDENT'S PEN staff.
Miss Prediger—that there's only one of her fifth period class.
Mr. Sheridan—that the attack by the Martian Army is only a myth.
Miss Millet—that the sun gets around to Room 142 before 2:30.
Miss Bulger—that Sophomores at the end of the first ten weeks have been "introduced" to the wiles of geometry as well as to other intricacies of high school life.
Mr. Moran—for the victory over Drury, which will enable him to visit his old friends in North Adams and hold his head up. (He used to teach at Drury.)

Miss Parker—that the 10B's are so intelligent.
Mr. Herrick—that there are only a few days left before the Senior A play.
Miss Rhoades—for having such a brilliant Virgil class.
Mr. Hennessy—to get three days away from the Sophomores.
Mr. Conroy—that he is a year older and a year wiser.
Miss Murphy—for a nice fourth period class.
Mr. Joyce—for the fine cooperation of the faculty and the student body on the High School radio program.
Mr. Innis—that he lives in the U. S. A.
Mr. Goodwin—that he only has to think of a "Thanksgiving Thanks" once a year.
Miss Jordan—for some six period days during the term.

ASSEMBLIES

The art of the bow and arrow as shown by Russell Hoogerhyde made an interesting subject for the second of the series of school lectures.

The students were entertained by his skill and accuracy, and the entire program was enthusiastically received. His vivid personality impressed and held the attention of his audience.



GLEE CLUB

The Senior B class of P. H. S. will present the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Pinafore" in April instead of the traditional play.

Tryouts are now being held under the direction of F. Carl Gorman, music supervisor.

If, however, Mr. Gorman cannot find the voices necessary for the parts he is then going to use persons from the other classes.

About 30 character parts are available. Come on, students! Where are all the Nelson Eddy and Jeanette McDonalds of P. H. S.?

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Class held its first meeting October 25th and elected the following nominating committee: Robert Wood, Herbert Boyajian, George Walsh, John Grady, Robert Finnegan, Marjorie Horton, Ruth Bassett, Delores Dondi, Angie Gull, and Madeline Keegan.

Congratulations to the Junior girls' hockey team! They defeated the Senior girls in the Hockey Tournament last month. Keep it up, girls, and long may you be the superior!

Mr. R. A. Pollard, watchmaker and jeweler, at forty-eight South Street, will be very glad to give information to parents and students interested in this vocation.

Mr. Pollard is a graduate of Bradley Polytech and an active member of The Horological Institute of America at Washington, D. C.

THE HARMONICA BAND

The Harmonica Band met for its third meeting Friday, October 28. It is led by Kenneth Williams and has eleven members. Among the members are three or four new ones to take the place of the people that graduated. As yet the band's plans are indefinite.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Here's your chance to become a great actor or actress. The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Mr. James Conroy, will organize in the near future for its '39 season. Watch the bulletin for further notice.

SENIOR HI-Y

An Inter-Chapter meeting was held Tuesday, October 18, for all the "Hi-Y Chapters." Judge Frederick Meyers spoke on his European Trip and also showed movies.

The chapter has elected eleven new members. They are as follows: Crosby Olinto, Victor Thrane, Fred Thrane, Gordon Hough, Robert Roney, David Robbins, John Grady, Albert Polito, Almon Roche, Robert Chesney and Frank Devanny.

GI-Y

The Gi-Y Chapter held election of new members October 11th. They are as follows:— Virginia Davis, Ann Devanny, Mary Devanny, Helen Gale, Marion Gillette, Jane Hennelly, Helen Hctor, Louise Kemp, Marguerite Lucas, Mary Makes, Marjorie McCartney, Winnie Palmer, Dorothy Roe, Eleanor Roe, and Bernice Viale.

TRI-HI

The nine new members elected to Tri-Hi are as follows: Jean Taylor, Rita Edda, Jane Hanley, Gloria Redder, Delores Dondi, Virginia Gamwell, Helen Goodwin, Rita Sherman, June Brown.

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT PITTSFIELD HIGH



Only 99% of the students are camera fiends.

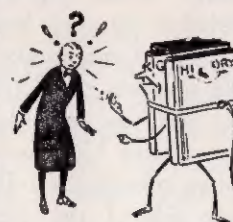
The principal ingredient of sandwiches is peanut butter.

Everything is going up—including skirts and excepting marks.

The market for white shoe polish has taken a decided slump.

Muzzey is the most unpopular author at Pittsfield High.

Anything made on a small scale is popular. This includes charm bracelets, cords, and other impedimenta.



The buzz of the telephones becomes less melodious as time marches on.

SENIOR NOTES

The Senior B's have decided to be a little different from other classes in their class production. Instead of the traditional play, they have determined to stage Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "Pinafore." With all the singing talent already discovered in the class and much more to be discovered, the production should prove to be not only original but also highly successful.

Certainly, no spirit is lacking in the Senior A class. Nearly half of its one hundred and fifty members tried out for the forthcoming play, "Seventeen." Although no definite selections for the cast have been made as yet, some great talent should be derived from such a large group of aspiring Thespians.

A neighbor of Mr. Murray's came out after she heard the Orson Welles production about Mars. Sniffing around, she asked him if he smelled the poisonous gas also.

HERE AND THERE

With our boys and girls running around in leopard skin jerkins now, we wonder somewhat sarcastically if this is a school or a zoo. Couldn't we get those girls' and boys' pictures in our "Whose Zoo"?



Why do all our worthy P. H. S. Studes go to all the St. Joe games? Could they be traitors, or are they just getting a line on St. Joe? It seems to me they'll know more about the other team than their own on Turkey Day.

A new and very mad disease has swept our beloved Alma Mammy. It's the song "B. I. Bickey Bye" which you all recognize, no doubt. The imitation of the three mad professors sounds like the work of an intellectual Senior. This is to inform you that those who chant it are not crazy, as is the popular opinion. They're merely feeble-minded.

Button, button, who's got the button? It never fails to happen. When almost everybody has a Pittsfield pin, you never can find the guy who's selling them.

In a Latin class who was the somebody who thought the sentence was, "On the wall hangs the teacher." Imagine his surprise when he found out that "hangs" was only "behind"?

We have an exceptionally witty student in our midst. When he was asked what he thought Cicero would be doing if he were here now, he replied "Looking for an old-age pension."

ASSEMBLIES

"What are you to be, you are now becoming."

The words of Cameron Beck, who addressed the entire student body in the first of the A. I. E. E. lecture series will never be forgotten. He definitely inspired all of the group and probably altered the course of the lives of many.

He was sympathetic, humorous, and serious, holding his audience's attention throughout the lecture.

The principals of several Junior High Schools were invited to hear Mr. Beck speak.

Two assemblies were held on October 14. Dr. Ramin lectured on the purpose of the tuberculosis test and the cause and prevention of the disease.

A short movie, "Behind the Shadows," was shown, explaining the course of tuberculosis.

Dr. Ramin talked about his work and the work of his contemporaries, a subject which proved very interesting.

The students enjoyed and profited by his lecture.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The members of the Motion Picture Club attended their first picture of the year October 7 when they saw "Boys' Town."

The following Friday the club held its regular meeting and the picture was discussed. Topics were given by the following people:—

Founding of "Boys' Town" Thurlow Pruyne
Educational Advantages of "Boys' Town"

	Marie Kenney
The Plot	Eileen Smith
Production of Picture	Gerard Lamy
Authenticity of Picture	Alfred Persip
Lesson of the Picture	Elizabeth Kimball
Character of Spencer Tracy	George Merritt
Character of Mickey Rooney	Helen Hurley
Character of Henry Hull	Philip Boyington

Marion Rhodes, president, presided over the meeting. Next meeting will be held Nov. 4.

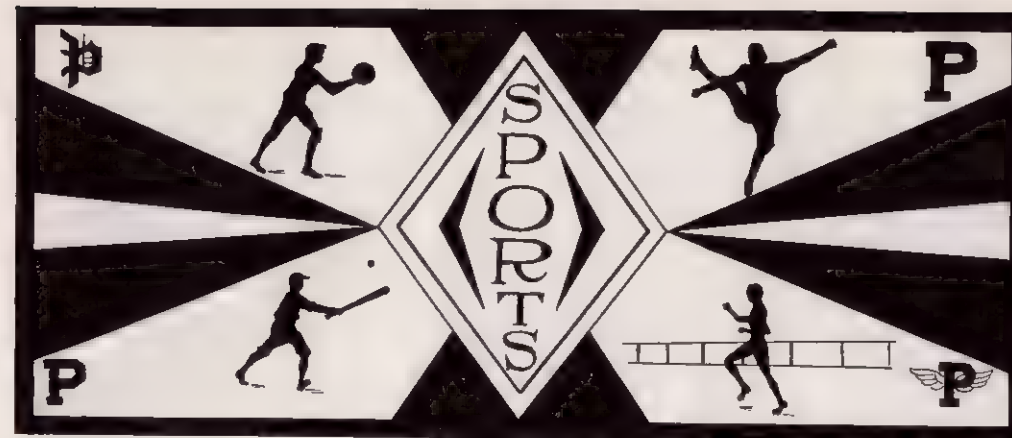


DEBATING CLUB NEWS

Since last heard from, our debating club has done much. On October thirteenth, a discussion was held on whether or not Neville Chamberlain was justified in making concessions to Hitler. Edward Sullivan and George Walsh led the discussion which proved to be quite heated, so much so, in fact, that it was decided to have a debate on that question on October twentieth. This was done, the resolution being, "Resolved: that Neville Chamberlain was justified in making concessions to Hitler." On the affirmative side of the debate were:—Edward Sullivan and Richard Medicke, with Bernard Feldman acting as rebuttalist; while on the negative were:—Bruce Hainsworth and Marjorie Bergain, with Friend Kierstead acting as rebuttalist. Loraine Dakin acted as critic, while the judges were Donald Lucier, Elton Bartley, and Gladys Brundage. The debate, like the discussion, was very spirited. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative team.

On October twenty-seventh, extemporaneous speaking was held, and ten members spoke. The judges, Edward Sullivan, William Garrity and Loraine Dakin, decided in favor of Bernard Feldman who was acclaimed best speaker of the day.

On November third the club held its fifth meeting. The debate was held on the subject—Resolved:—that Great Britain has lived up to her responsibilities in Palestine. The affirmative team was composed of William Garrity and Winifred Aitcheson, with Henry Kierstead acting as rebuttalist, while Robert Doyle, Corinne Simkin, and Arthur Teot (rebuttalist) upheld the negative side of the question. The judges, George Walsh, Robert Gordon, and Bernard Williams, decided in favor of the affirmative team. The vote was two to one.



LET'S SEE

By Bernard A. Williams

A lot has happened to the Pittsfield High School football team in the past few weeks. With three more games still to play, Pittsfield has already won three, lost two, and tied one.

After beating Lee, Pittsfield went to Greenfield, where it held a strong Greenfield team to a nothing-nothing tie. Next came that game with Tech on the Common, which P. H. S. copped on the strength of "Husky" Renzi's point after touchdown. In this game Bill Eulian made a marvelous catch on Tech's 41 after the ball had bounced off McCarthy's hands, and thus set up a touchdown. In October 15 Pittsfield went to Agawam when we lost 7 to 0. The following week Adams bounced us to the tune of 13 to 8, all regardless of the fine work done by the Renzi brothers. Then came that sweet victory over Drury to avenge last year's setback. This conquest brings us up to the present.

Since the game with Poughkeepsie has been cancelled on November 8 (Election Day) Pittsfield will go to Albany to play the Albany Academy. Four days later, the 12th, the Stockbridge School of Massachusetts State will play Pittsfield on the Common. On the 24th of November we play our old friends from St. Joe to see if we can get revenge for last year's tie (6-6).

The Purple Elephants have won eleven games against St. Joe's four since the series began in 1920 and have piled up a total of 168

points against St. Joe's 47. There have been only three ties since 1920, so naturally the two teams are out for blood. Although Pittsfield has a better record than St. Joseph's that means nothing, for when the City Championship is at stake, anything can, and usually does, happen.

Because all sports editors make predictions,, I predict that Pittsfield will beat St. Joe; but as for picking the scores, that's going too far.

PITTSFIELD CRUSHES DRURY

By Bernard A. Williams

Well, they did it, and to the tune of 19-0 at that! The Purple and White beat Drury! Functioning smoothly, Pittsfield avenged last year's defeat in earnest. With the score 12 to 0 in the last quarter—as if that wasn't enough—Joe Renzi, who had played brilliantly all afternoon, intercepted a Drury pass, and aided by beautiful blocking, romped for a touchdown in the longest run of the afternoon.

In the first quarter Pittsfield scored when Marchio's fumble was recovered by Twining on the Drury 25. After getting to the six inch line, Joe Renzi slammed through right guard to put Pittsfield in the lead. In the third quarter a pass, Joe Renzi to Grady, gave us another touchdown. And then came Renzi's beautiful run—62 yards to score, after which Johnny Massimiano kicked the point.

The crowd was a crowd like those usually seen at the St. Joseph game, and the cheering was spirited—so spirited in fact that several times Coach Stewart had to stand up and try to silence cries of: "We want a touchdown," when the team was near Drury's goal.

The Renzi boys certainly did themselves proud and Captain Ralph's manner of getting down under those punts was something to behold. Billy Eulian was another standout. It was he who blocked the punt that paved the way for the second touchdown.

For Drury there was Howie Porter, who gave us all heart failure with his beautiful running. We most certainly think that we have never seen anyone any faster than he.

In the first part of the game Pittsfield depended on bucking the line, but as the game wore on, our boys took to the air and it was in this way that they scored their second touchdown.

PITTSFIELD NOSES OUT TECH HIGH OF SPRINGFIELD, 13-12

By Bruce Hainsworth

There is an old saying "Everyone said it couldn't be done, but they were fools and went ahead and did it." With Tech leading 12-0 at the beginning of the final quarter, nearly everyone gloomily conceded the game to the brilliant and tricky Tech squad. Joe Renzi's inspired passing, however, supported by an equally inspired team, upset all predictions and Pittsfield triumphed over the strong Tech eleven by a narrow margin, 13-12.

As the third quarter began, the character of the game changed from a first half packed with fumbles and disappointing failures to score, to a second packed with thrills and scoring. Almost immediately the orange-garbed visitors took the ball at their own thirty-seven-yard line and in eight successive plays scored. McCarthy counted on an off-tackle smash. Trying for the extra point, Captain Goodsell hit a stone wall.

Shortly afterward, Jackie Abair ran back a punt seventy yards behind perfect blocking for an additional six points. The outlook was black for Pittsfield.

Early in the last quarter, however, Pittsfield instituted an aerial attack which soon assumed the proportions of a full-fledged air raid. Strizzi ran back the kick-off to his own thirty-yard line. A fifteen yard penalty was imposed on Tech, and on the following play Strizzi picked up twenty-eight yards on a pass from Joe Renzi. A line buck brought a first down at Tech's twenty-yard line, and Strizzi caught another pass from the talented hand of Joe Renzi for a touchdown. Captain Ralph Renzi obligingly opened a hole in the line, through which his brother charged for the extra point.

Shortly afterward, Joe Renzi uncorked another pass intended for Eulian; McCarthy, Tech half-back, attempted to block it, but the ball caromed off his hands directly into those of the waiting Eulian. Two plays later Renzi passed again to Eulian for the winning touchdown. Massimiano's place-kick went wide, but pandemonium reigned among Pittsfield's supporters.

Joe Renzi and Strizzi were outstanding in the backfield; Captain Ralph Renzi and Eulian starred in the line.

Credit must go to Tech, however, for their mass interference and the precision of their blocking.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Shelah O'Connell, Constance Vreeland, Bertha Thompson

One of the many precedents of Pittsfield High was broken last month when the Juniors battled the Seniors to win the hockey tournament by that all-important one point. The hockey tournament is supposed to be an inter-class struggle, but this year it proved to be Juniors versus Seniors because the Sophomores didn't offer anywhere near the amount of competition that was expected.

The tabulated scores are as follows:

1st game	Seniors 2	Juniors 3
2nd game	Seniors 1	Juniors 0
3rd game	Seniors 2	Juniors 3
1st game	Seniors 5	Sophomores 0
2nd game	Seniors 5	Sophomores 0
1st game	Juniors 11	Sophomores 0
2nd game	Juniors 8	Sophomores 0

To summarize: The Seniors won 3 games and lost 2. The Juniors won 4 and lost 1. The Sophomores lost 4 out of 4 games.

Regardless of the results it was a snappy tournament, and to the losing teams—better luck next time.

On guard, or perhaps better, out of range! The Archery Tournament has just taken place and from all reports the aim of many could be improved (at least ours could—two hits out of a possible twenty-four). Ruth Thorpe walked off with top honors for which she will receive her letter. Mabel DeLoye and Murilda Folker took second and third place respectively. They will receive their numerals.

MR. PRO

(Continued from Page 11)

provide a natural outlet for their patriotism. On the other hand, in a democracy, where people rule themselves, the citizens are well-satisfied with the government, and their patriotism may be put to better advantage in improving their country and its government.

MR. CON

(Continued from Page 11)

tice, a year and seven months after war was declared.

In a dictatorship the task of enacting a piece of legislation takes about one minute; in a democracy, a week to a decade. Naturally the dictatorship can mobilize more rapidly in war and put needed reforms into effect more quickly than the democracies hindered by webs of red tape.

Miss Power: "There are so many books lost lately that we should have a grand pay day at the end of the semester."

John Mangum: "Maybe if enough students lose them, we'll get a discount."

* * * *

The truth will out. Willys Monroe (after eight weeks) admits that on opening day he hurried off to register for a cafeteria seat on the urging of a senior.

* * * *

Still in the Monroe family.

Miss Hodges asked Marjorie for a concrete noun. She replied "sidewalk".

* * * *

A Caesar class was asked what a monotone was, but it seems they could not answer. The teacher then asked a pupil if he knew what a monocle was. The pupil replied that a monocle was one eye glass. "Now, what is a monotone?" asked the teacher. "Why, . . . er . . . two eye glasses," replied the student.

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